



# THORGAL



## Wolf Cub

ROSINSKI - VAN HAMME



*Rosinski*





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Original title: Thorgal 16 – Louve

Original edition: © Rosinski & Van Hamme, 1990, Editions du Lombard  
(Dargaud-Lombard SA)  
[www.lelombard.com](http://www.lelombard.com)

English translation: © 2010 Cinebook Ltd

Translator: Luke Spear  
Lettering and text layout: Imadjinn  
Printed in Spain by Just Colour Graphic

This edition first published in Great Britain in 2010 by  
Cinebook Ltd  
56 Beech Avenue  
Canterbury, Kent  
CT4 7TA  
[www.cinebook.com](http://www.cinebook.com)

A CIP catalogue record for this book  
is available from the British Library

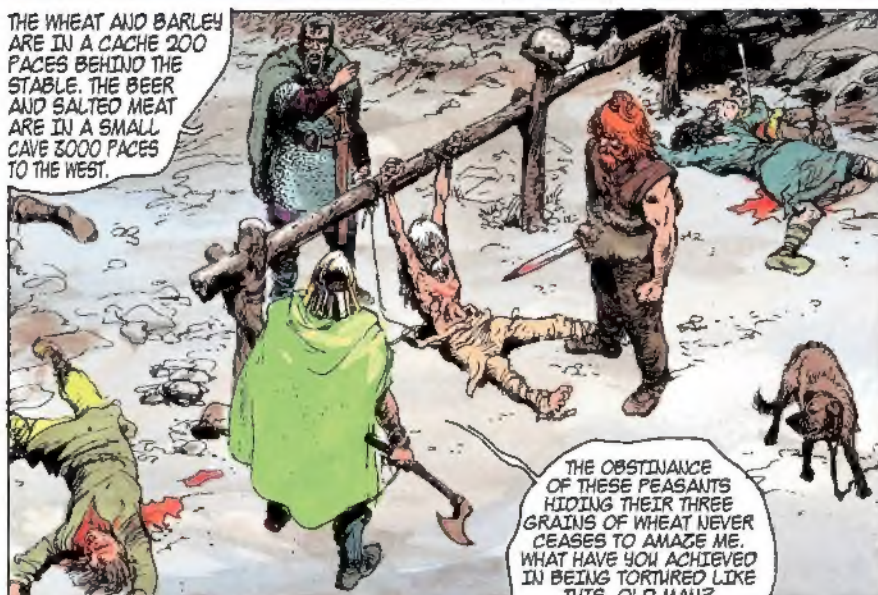
ISBN 978-1-84918-035-1







THE WHEAT AND BARLEY ARE IN A CACHE 200 PACES BEHIND THE STABLE. THE BEER AND SALTED MEAT ARE IN A SMALL CAVE 3000 PACES TO THE WEST.











AND COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY THAT I DIDN'T CUT OFF YOUR HUMP AS WELL. GO, GET OUT OF HERE. GO BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND.

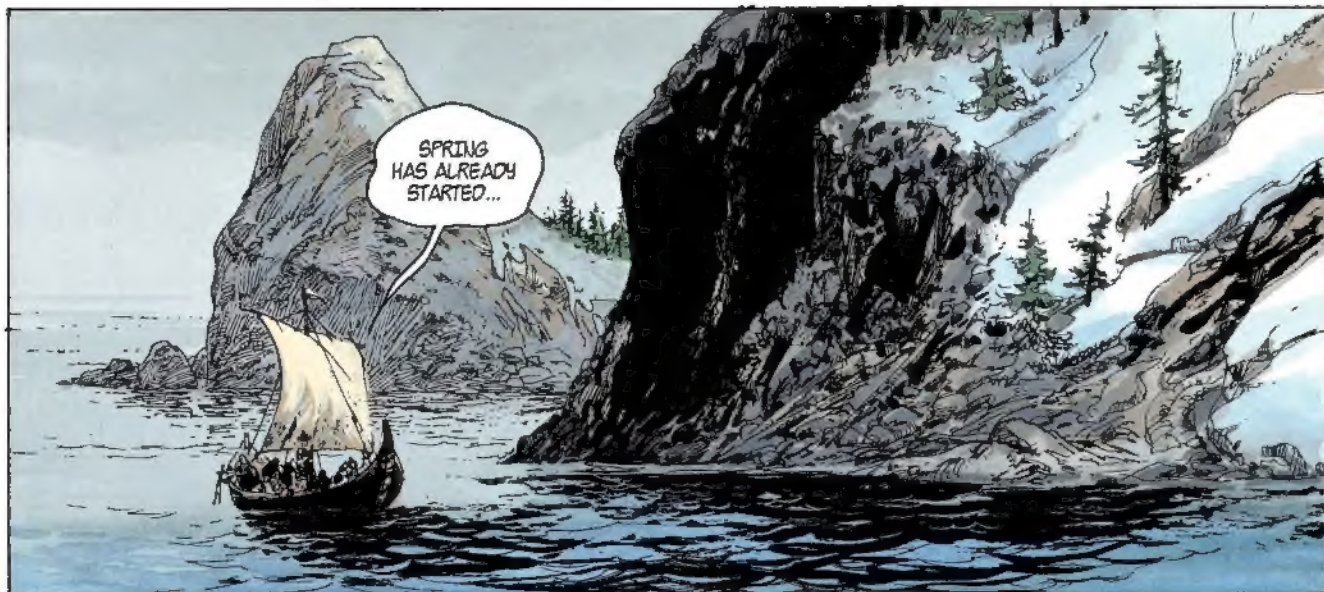


AS SOON AS THE CARTS ARE LOADED, BURN THIS RATHOLE DOWN!

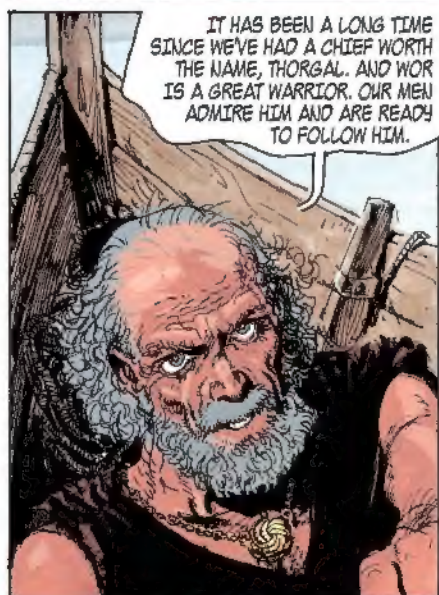


VI... KINGGG









\*"NATIONAL" LEGAL ASSEMBLY, SUPERIOR TO THE REGIONAL ASSEMBLIES (THINGS) OF EACH CLAN

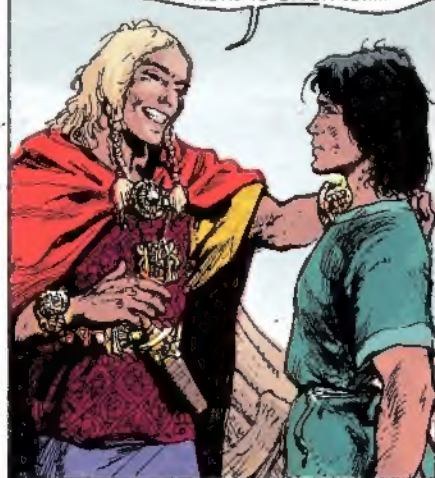


SO HERE'S THE FAMOUS THORGAL AEGIRSSON WHOSE VALOUR I'VE HEARD OF SO OFTEN! HAIL, THORGAL, AND WELCOME HOME!! I'M WOR OF THE GREAT FJORD.



KNOWN AS "THE MAGNIFICENT" FROM WHAT I HEAR. HAIL, WOR! HAVE YOU COME TO ESCORT US?

ESCORT!? HAH! AS IF A FIGHTER SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULD NEED AN ESCORT! NO, MY FRIEND THORGAL, I CELEBRATE YOUR RETURN, I'VE MUCH MORE TO OFFER YOU...



MY SPIES HAVE TOLD ME OF A RICH SAXON CASTLE ON THE COAST OF NORTHUMBRIA THAT'S JUST WAITING FOR US TO GET THERE AND LIVEN IT UP A LITTLE. SO I'VE SET UP A SMALL EXPEDITION, AND I NEED ALL AVAILABLE DRAKKARS.



AS WELL AS ALL THE VIKINGS FOR WHOM GOLD AND BLOOD TASTE LIKE ODIN'S NECTAR!

HOI!

DEATH TO THE SAXONS!

HOI!

LONG LIVE THE MAGNIFICENT!



I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE MY DRAKKAR, WOR. I'M SWORN TO TAKING THORGAL AND HIS PEOPLE TO THE VILLAGE.



IF YOU NO LONGER FEEL ABLE TO FIGHT, OLD MAN, I'LL ALLOW YOU TO GET BACK TO LAND. BUT I'M KEEPING YOUR SHIP, YOUR CREW AND YOUR PASSENGER.

MAY I SPEAK?

IF THE VIKINGS OF THE NORTH RECOGNISE YOU AS THEIR CHIEF AND AGREE TO FOLLOW YOU, I CANNOT STOP YOU FROM REQUISITIONING THIS DRAKKAR. BUT I'M CONTINUING ON MY WAY WITH MY WIFE AND SON.





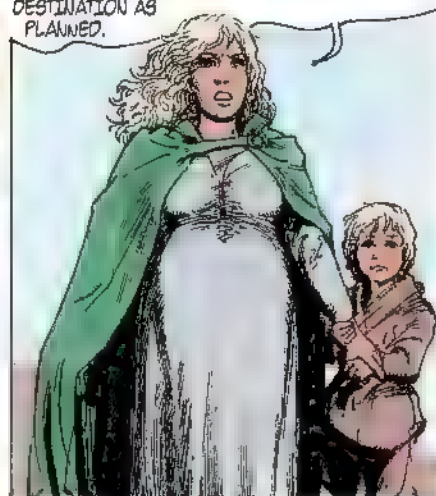


HAHA!  
WHAT ARE TWO DAYS OF MARCHING FOR A VIKING WOMAN, EVEN A PREGNANT ONE?...

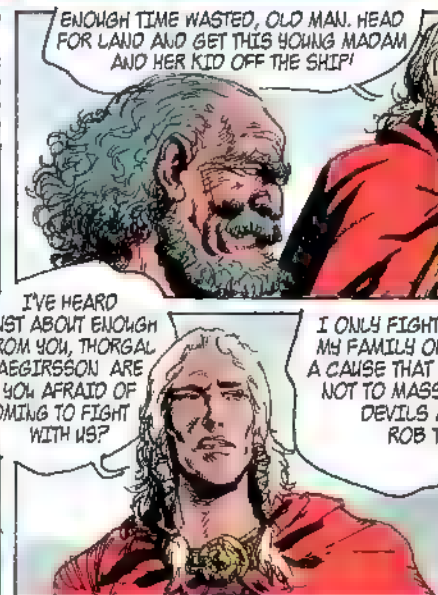
I DON'T WANT TO PUT ANYTHING BACK. THINK OF THE GREAT FIGHTS WAITING FOR US, THORGAL, MY FRIEND. THINK OF THE PILLAGING AND THE SAXON GOLD...

MAY I SAY SOMETHING NOW?

I'M NOT YOUR LATEST SERVANT, WOR OF THE GREAT FJORD. I AM AARICIA, DAUGHTER OF GANDALF, FIRST KING OF THE VIKINGS OF THE NORTH AND I DEMAND THAT THIS DRAKKAR TAKE US TO OUR DESTINATION AS PLANNED.



GANDALF-THE-MAD HAS BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME, PRINCESS. I AM WOR-THE-MAGNIFICENT, FUTURE KING OF ALL VIKINGS. AND IT'S MY AUTHORITY THAT'S LAW FROM NOW ON!



ENOUGH TIME WASTED, OLD MAN. HEAD FOR LAND AND GET THIS YOUNG MADAM AND HER KID OFF THE SHIP!



THE YOUNG MADAM, THE KID AND ME, EINAR.

I'VE HEARD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH FROM YOU, THORGAL AEGIRSSON ARE YOU AFRAID OF COMING TO FIGHT WITH US?

I ONLY FIGHT TO PROTECT MY FAMILY OR TO DEFEND A CAUSE THAT I DEEM JUST. NOT TO MASSACRE POOR DEVILS JUST TO ROB THEM.



SO, WHAT THEY TELL ME ABOUT YOU WAS TRUE: YOU'RE NOT ONE OF US...



AN ABANDONED CHILD FROM ANOTHER RACE! A BASTARD WHO...





THEY SHOULD ALSO HAVE TOLD YOU THAT I DON'T LIKE TO BE CALLED A BASTARD. AND THAT I ONLY ACCEPT THE AUTHORITY OF THOSE I DEEM WORTHY OF LEADING



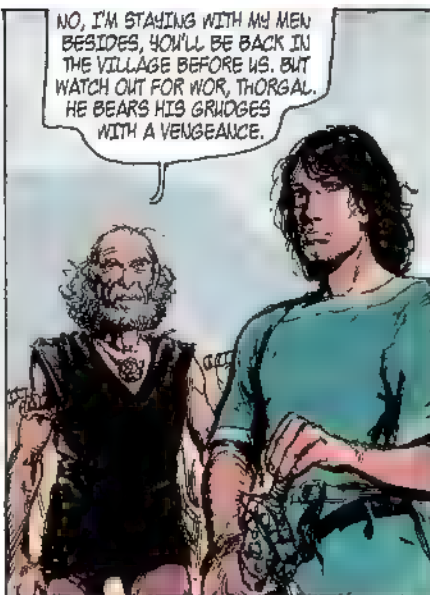
NOW, WOR-THE-MAGNIFICENT, YOU'LL ORDER YOUR DRAKKAR TO BACK AWAY WHILE WE DISEMBARK. THEN YOU CAN GO AND EXTERMINATE ALL THE SAXONS YOU WANT. **DO IT!**



YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED, THORGAL. STILL AS QUICK AS EVER TO MAKE YOURSELF ENEMIES

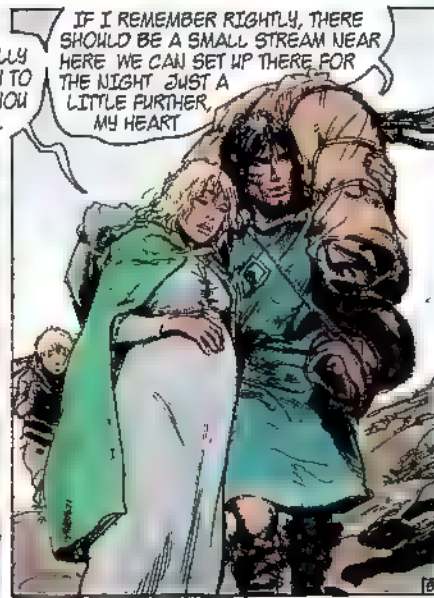
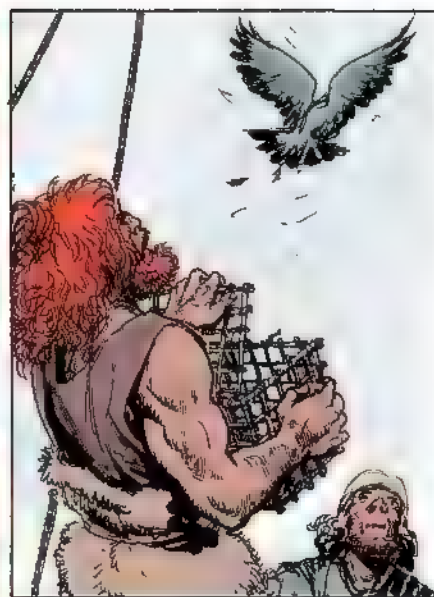
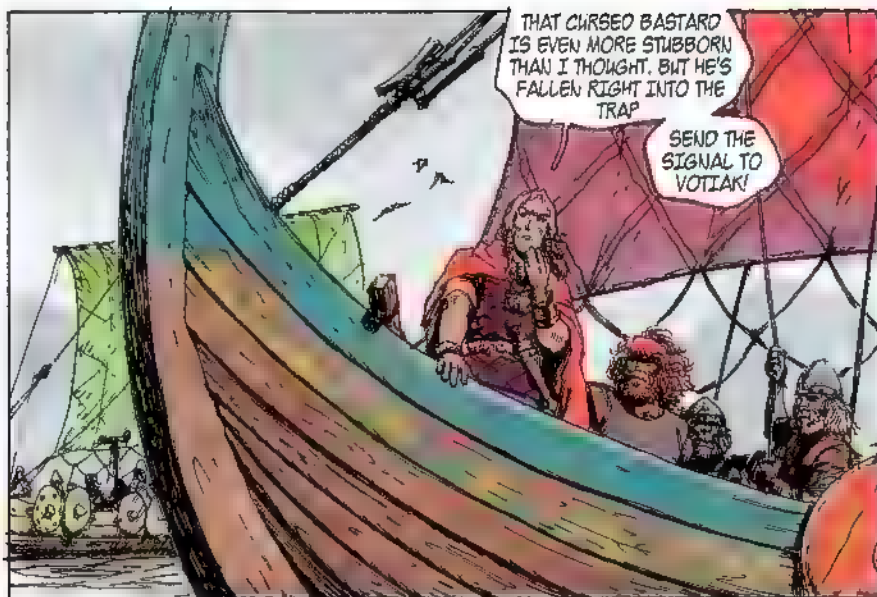
BAH, I'M USED TO IT AND HE'S NOT KING YET, AS FAR AS I KNOW WHAT HAVE YOU DECIDED TO DO, EDUARD? ARE YOU COMING WITH US?

NO, I'M STAYING WITH MY MEN BESIDES, YOU'LL BE BACK IN THE VILLAGE BEFORE US. BUT WATCH OUT FOR WOR, THORGAL. HE BEARS HIS GRUDGES WITH A VENGEANCE.

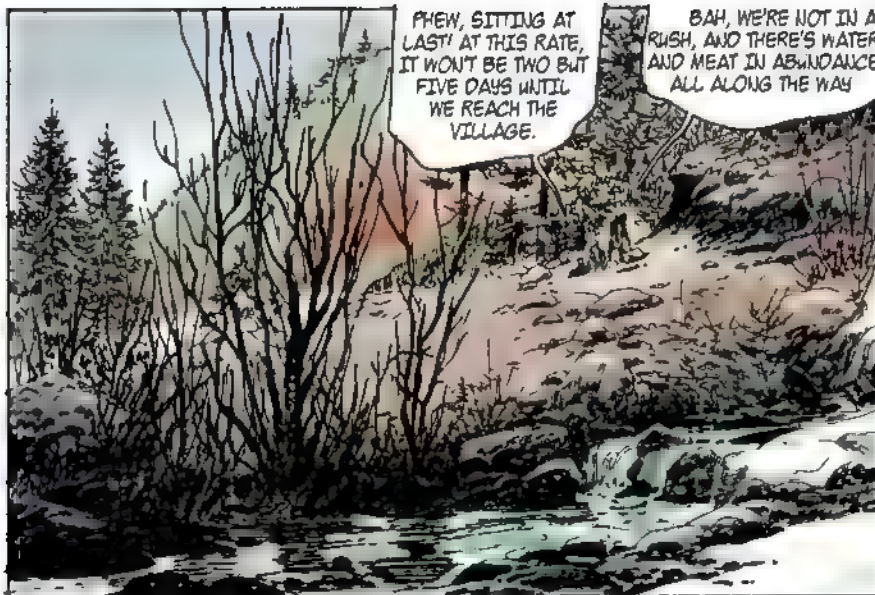


GREAT START TO OUR RETURN HOME!









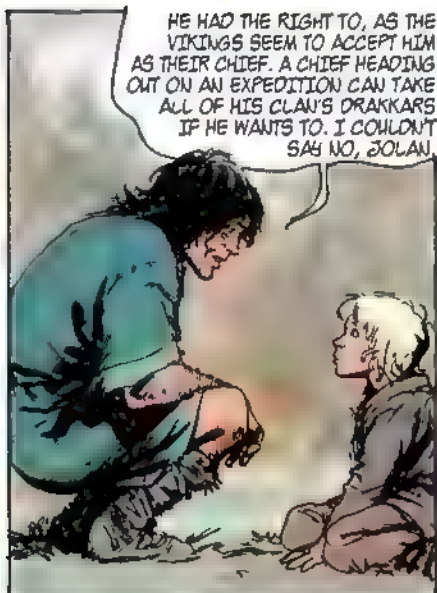
PHEW, SITTING AT LAST! AT THIS RATE, IT WON'T BE TWO BUT FIVE DAYS UNTIL WE REACH THE VILLAGE.

BAH, WE'RE NOT IN A RUSH, AND THERE'S WATER AND MEAT IN ABUNDANCE ALL ALONG THE WAY



YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT I'D RATHER NOT HAVE TO GIVE BIRTH WHILE TRAVELLING.

WHY DID YOU LET THAT BAD MAN TAKE OUR DRAKKAR?



HE HAD THE RIGHT TO, AS THE VIKINGS SEEM TO ACCEPT HIM AS THEIR CHIEF. A CHIEF HEADING OUT ON AN EXPEDITION CAN TAKE ALL OF HIS CLAN'S DRAKKARS IF HE WANTS TO. I COULDN'T SAY NO, JOLAN.

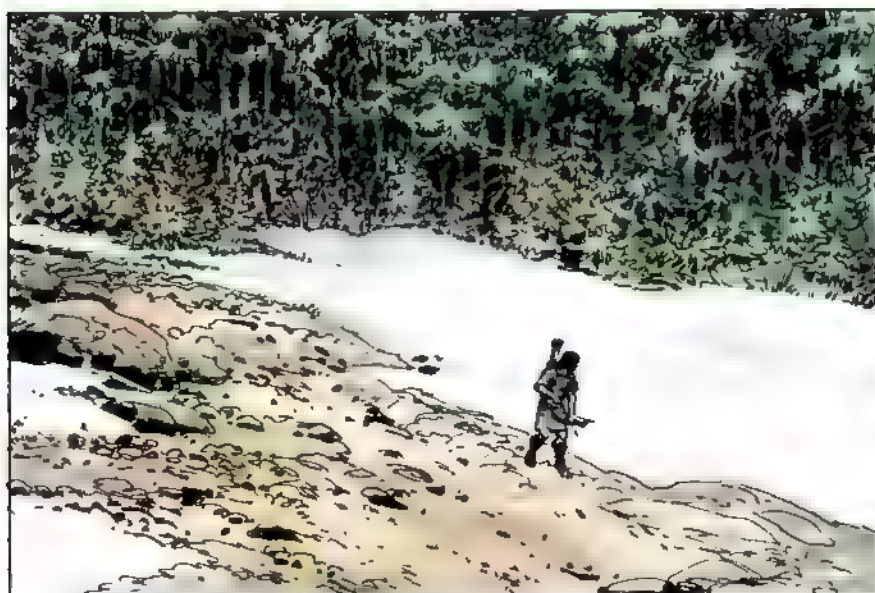


BESIDES, WITH THE BAD WEATHER ON ITS WAY, IT'S DEFINITELY BETTER FOR US TO BE ON STEADY GROUND THAN ON THE SEA.

WILL THERE BE A STORM?



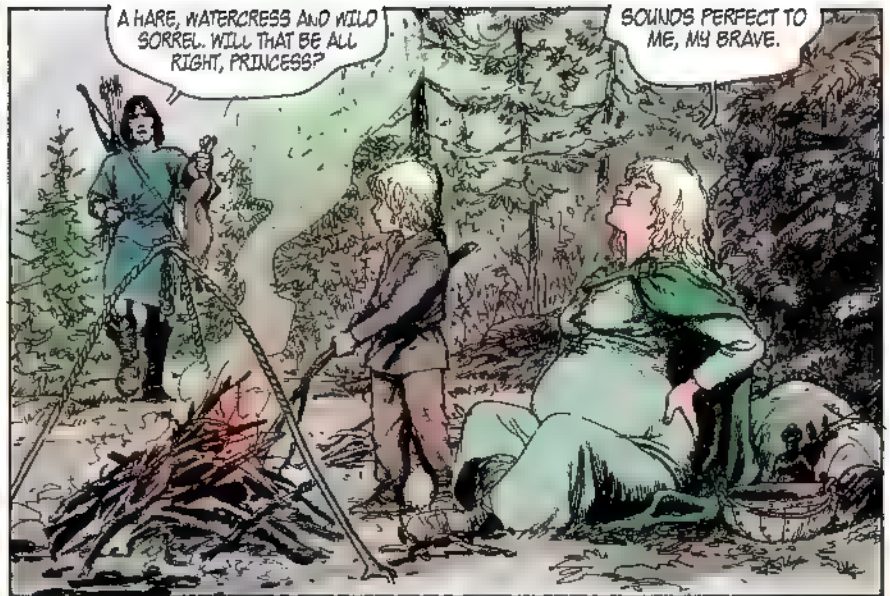
RAIN, IN ANY CASE. AND PROBABLY A STORM. GO AND FETCH SOME WOOD AND HELP AARICIA LIGHT A FIRE. I'LL GO FIND US SOMETHING TO EAT







BLOW,  
MUFF. BLOW  
ON THE FIRE  
WITH ME.



A HARE, WATERCRESS AND WILD  
SORREL. WILL THAT BE ALL  
RIGHT, PRINCESS?

SOUNDS PERFECT TO  
ME, MY BRAVE.



WHEN YOU'VE  
HAD ENOUGH  
WITH ADVENTUR-  
ING, WE COULD  
ALWAYS OPEN  
AN INN. WITH  
YOU IN THE  
FIELDS AND  
ME AT THE  
OVENS.

WHY NOT?  
WE'LL CALL IT THE  
FULL BELLY.



YOU NAUGHTY MAN! GO AND FIX  
US A SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT  
INSTEAD OF LAUGHING AT THE  
MOTHER OF YOUR  
CHILDREN!



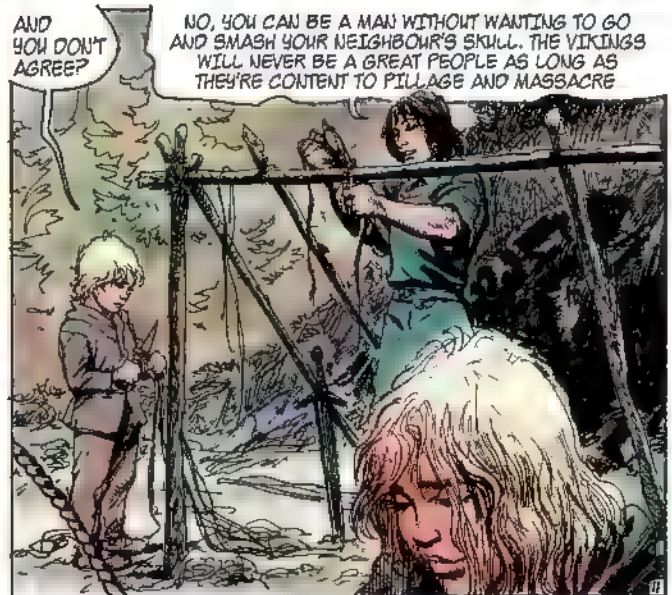
SAY, THORGAL,  
WHY DON'T YOU  
WANT TO  
FIGHT?

BECAUSE  
I DON'T WANT TO HURT  
OR KILL PEOPLE FOR  
NO REASON, JOLAN.  
I FIGHT ONLY WHEN  
I HAVE TO.



BUT  
VIKINGS  
DON'T HAVE  
TO. SO WHY  
DO THEY  
WANT TO  
GO AND  
FIGHT?

BECAUSE IT'S IN THEIR NATURE AND PART  
OF THEIR TRADITION. THEY BELIEVE THAT  
TO BE A REAL MAN, YOU HAVE TO BE  
A WARRIOR WHO'S CONQUERED  
MANY ENEMIES.



AND  
YOU DON'T  
AGREE?

NO, YOU CAN BE A MAN WITHOUT WANTING TO GO  
AND SMASH YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S SKULL. THE VIKINGS  
WILL NEVER BE A GREAT PEOPLE AS LONG AS  
THEY'RE CONTENT TO PILLAGE AND MASSACRE





THERE'S SOMETHING OUTSIDE. I... I CAN FEEL IT. AND MUFF CAN TOO.

PROBABLY AN ANIMAL. DON'T BE AFRAID; THE FIRE WILL KEEP IT AWAY SLEEP.

BUT...  
SLEEP, JOLAN.

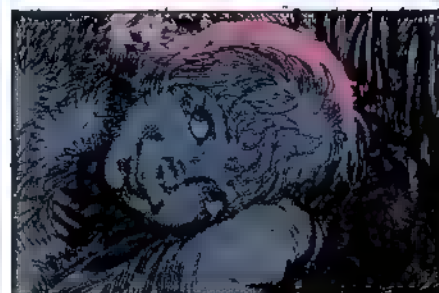
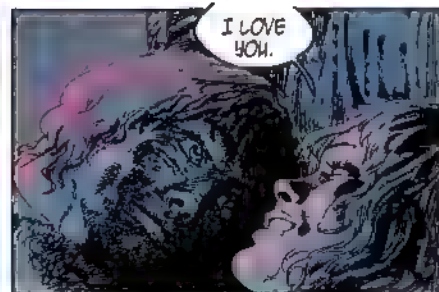


IT'D BE FOOLISH TO CARRY ON LIKE THIS, AARICIA—ESPECIALLY WITH THE RADUS THAT LIE IN WAIT OVER-HEAD. YOU'LL TIRE YOURSELF OUT FOR NOTHING AND, IN YOUR STATE, I'D FIND IT HARD TO CARRY YOU.

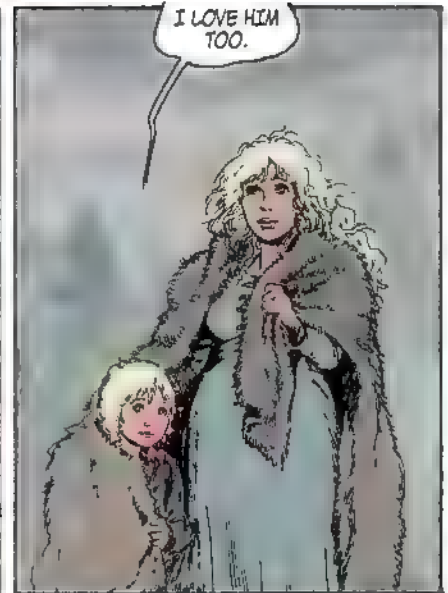
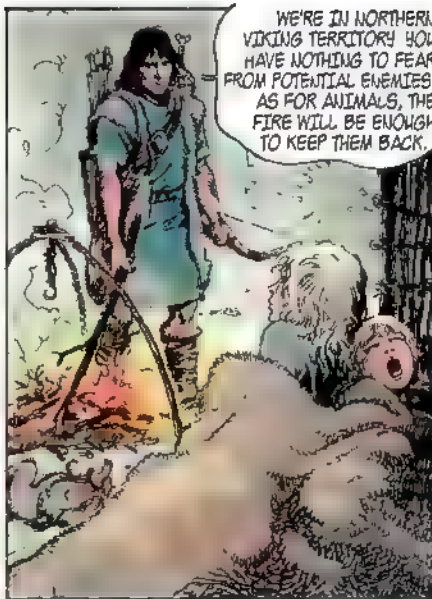


TOMORROW I'LL GET UP EARLY, AND IF I WALK QUICKLY TO THE VILLAGE, I CAN BE THERE BY NIGHTFALL. THE DAY AFTER, I'LL BE BACK WITH A CART.

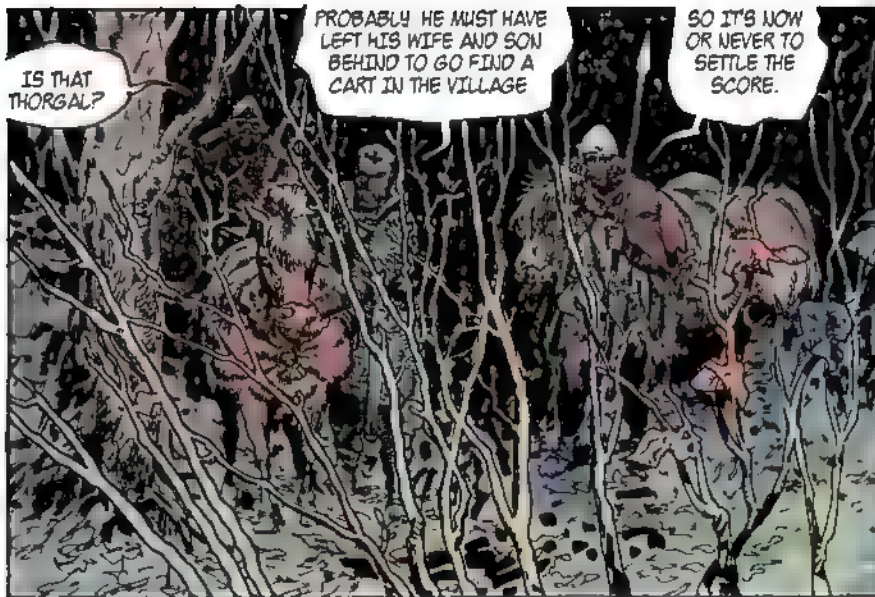
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?  
I'LL ADMIT I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT IDEA AS MUCH OF A VIKING WOMAN AS I AM, RIGHT NOW I'D PREFER TO TRAVEL SITTING RATHER THAN WALKING.











IS THAT THORGAL?

PROBABLY HE MUST HAVE LEFT HIS WIFE AND SON BEHIND TO GO FIND A CART IN THE VILLAGE

SO IT'S NOW OR NEVER TO SETTLE THE SCORE.



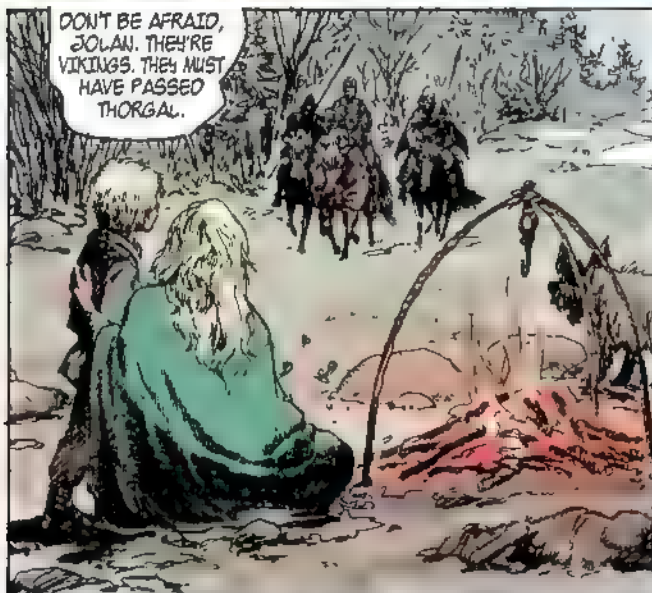
TOO RISKY HE'S WALKING IN OPEN LAND, AND IT WOULD APPEAR THAT HE'S A GOOD ARCHER IN ANY CASE, WOR WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM.



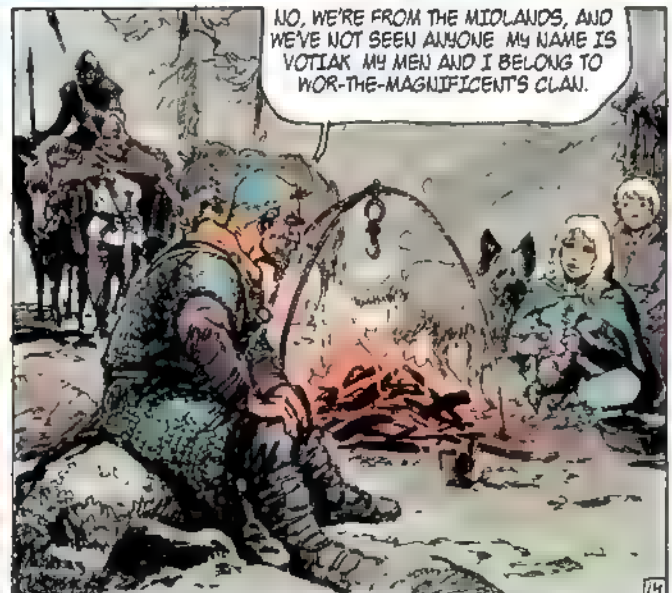
OUR MISSION IS THE WOMAN AND KID LET'S GO!



AARICIA!... RIDERS!... THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY!...



DON'T BE AFRAID, JOLAN. THEY'RE VIKINGS. THEY MUST HAVE PASSED THORGAL.



NO, WE'RE FROM THE MIDLANDS, AND WE'VE NOT SEEN ANYONE MY NAME IS VOTIAK MY MEN AND I BELONG TO WOR-THE-MAGNIFICENT'S CLAN.





I AM AARIZIA, AND THIS IS MY SON, JOLAN

IT... NO, NOTHING, NO REASON TO WORRY YOU WITH THAT. SO I WAS SAYING THAT I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU. IN PARTICULAR, FROM A CERTAIN SOLVEIG

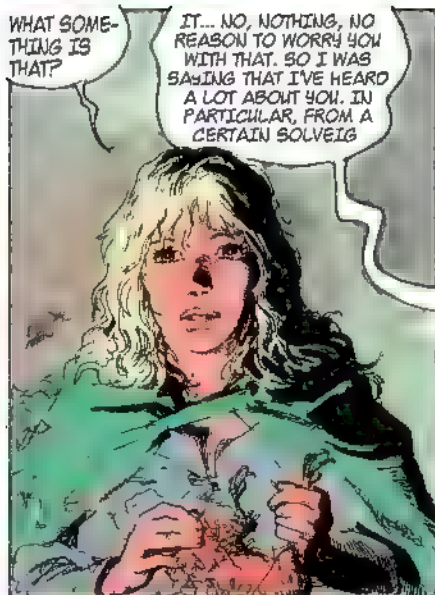
DID YOU HEAR THAT? GO SEE WHAT IT IS

IT'S JUST AN ANIMAL

MAYBE, BUT I'D RATHER NOT TAKE ANY RISKS. GO!

YOU'RE VERY CAREFUL.

A WARRIOR MUST BE IF HE WANTS TO LIVE FOR LONG SOMETHING STRANGE HAS BEEN HAPPENING IN OUR REGION FOR A FEW WEEKS



WHAT SOMETHING IS THAT?

IT... NO, NOTHING, NO REASON TO WORRY YOU WITH THAT. SO I WAS SAYING THAT I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU. IN PARTICULAR, FROM A CERTAIN SOLVEIG

SOLVEIG? SHE'S MY CHILDHOOD FRIEND. HOW IS SHE?

WELL, SHE LOST HER HUSBAND ON A RAID.

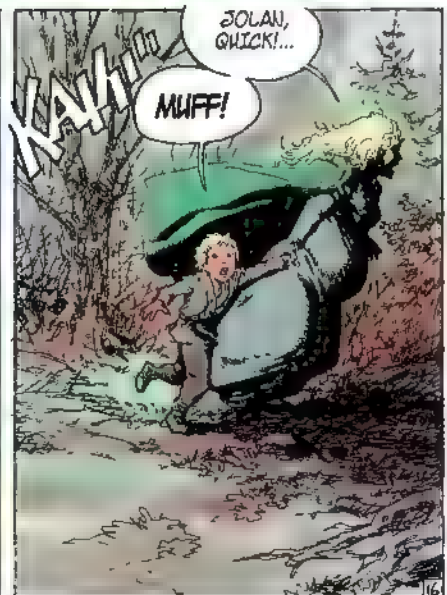
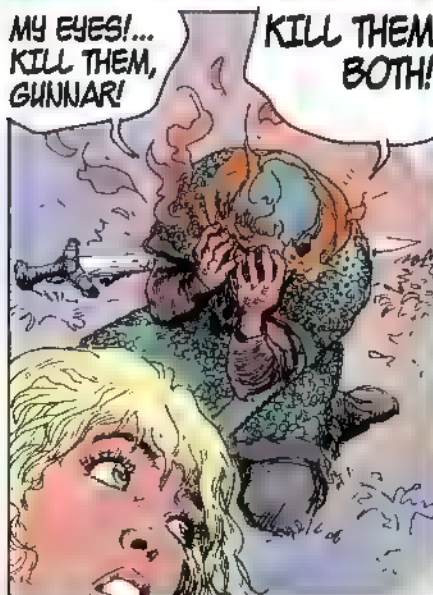
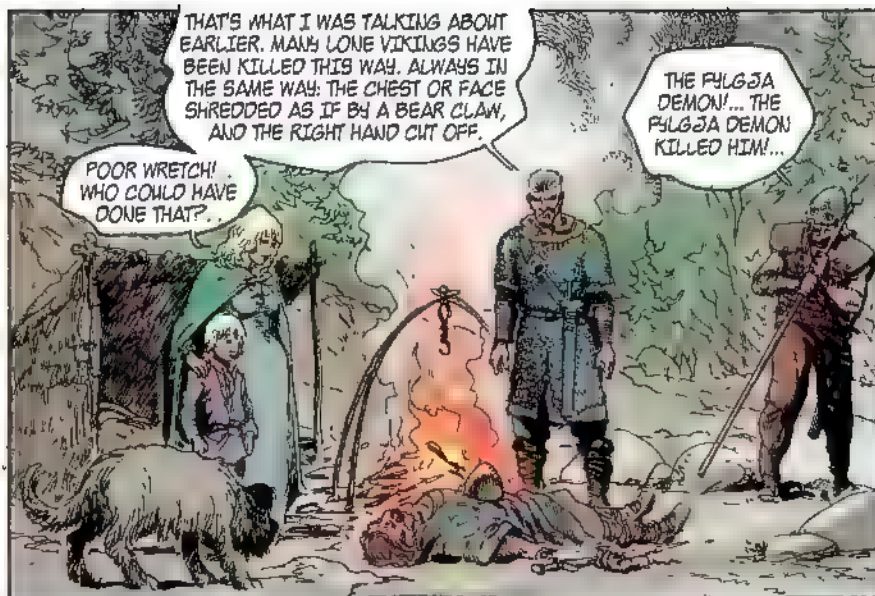
I DON'T LIKE THESE MEN. DO YOU, MUFF?

BUT SHE REMARRIED ONE OF OUR MEN LAST MONTH, AND SHE'S VERY HAPPY...PI?

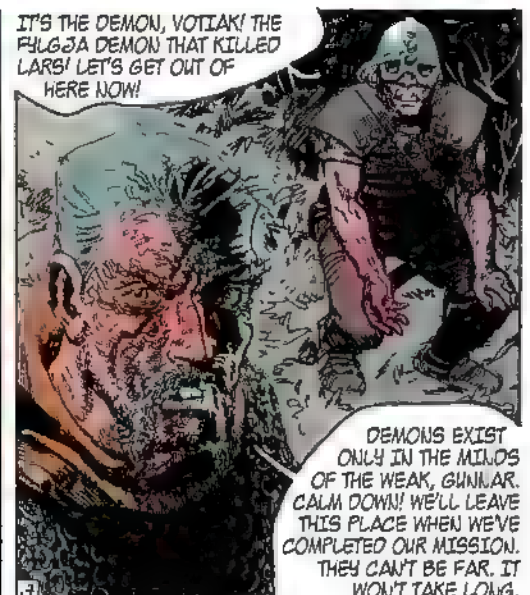
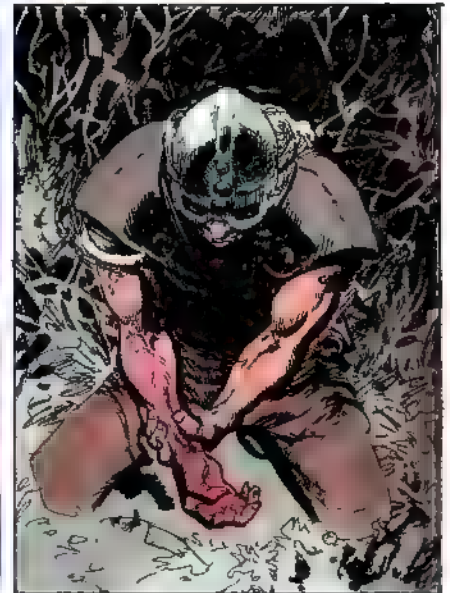
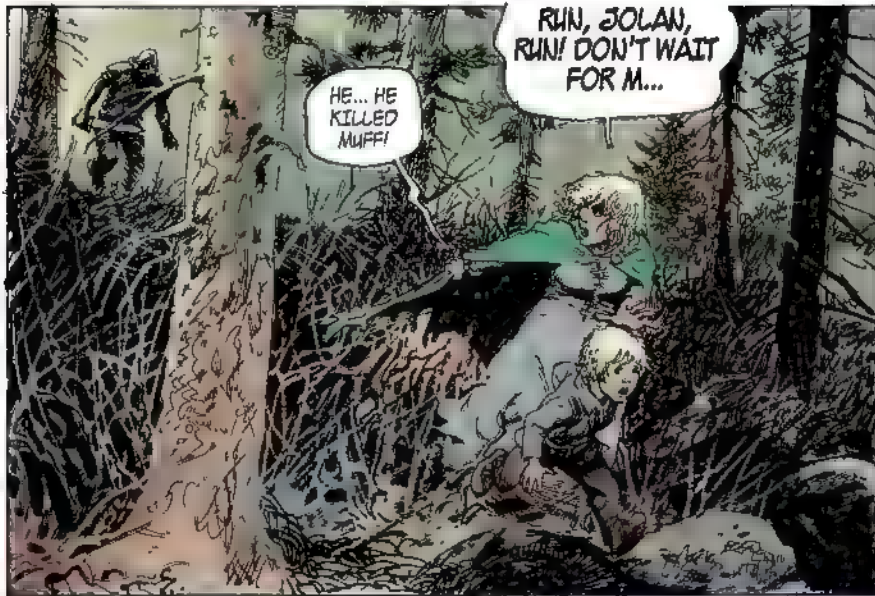
AAARGGH



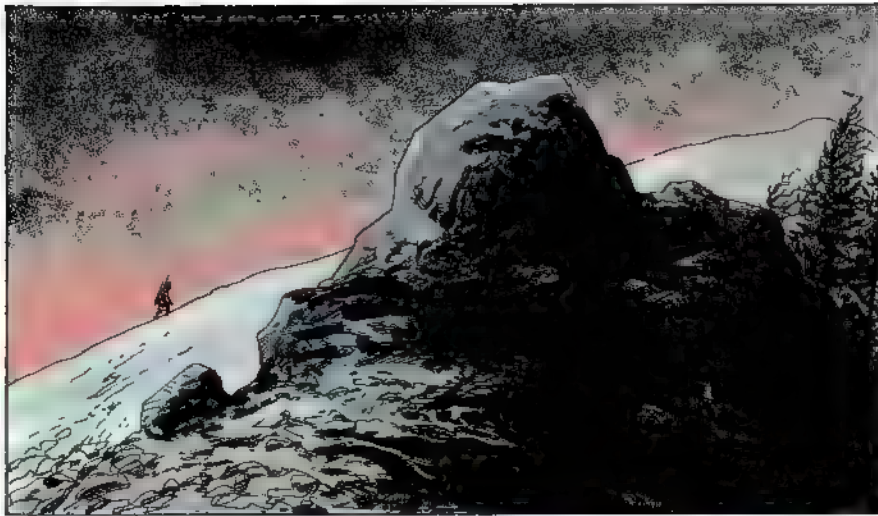








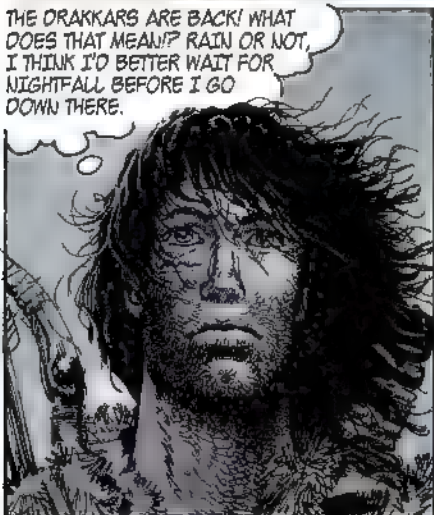




FROM THE TOP OF THIS HILL, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE VILLAGE. MAYBE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE OF REACHING IT BEFORE THE RAIN.



THE ORAKKARS ARE BACK! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? RAIN OR NOT, I THINK I'D BETTER WAIT FOR NIGHTFALL BEFORE I GO DOWN THERE.



SHAME YOU KILLED THE DOG. WE COULD HAVE FOUND THEM EASILY WITH IT.





IT'LL SOON BE NIGHT  
AND I CAN FEEL A  
DEMON AMONGST  
US. WE'D BE BETTER  
OFF HEADING HOME,  
VOTIAK. WE CAN COME  
BACK TO FIND THEM  
AT DAWN.

THEY'LL BE  
FAR AWAY BY  
TOMORROW

YOU HAVE TO  
GO AND WARN  
THORGAL,  
ZOLAN.

HOW?

BY TRYING TO  
TAKE ONE OF  
THEIR HORSES  
AND MAKE THE  
OTHER ONES  
RUN OFF.

AND YOUR DEMON WILL  
BE NOTHING NEXT TO WHAT  
WOR WILL DO TO US IF WE  
HEAD BACK WITHOUT  
HAVING KILLED  
THEM.

AND  
YOU?

DON'T YOU  
WORRY ABOUT ME.  
AS SOON AS THE  
AREA'S CLEAR, RUN  
TO THEIR HORSES AND  
GALLOP NORTH AS  
FAST AS YOU CAN  
ALONG THE COAST.

THERE!

WE'VE GOT HER!  
WITH HER FAT  
BELLY, SHE WON'T  
GET FAR,  
HAHA!

AAAAAH





CAN YOU SEE HER?

NO. SHE MUST HAVE BROKEN HER NECK.



WE'D BETTER CHECK. YOU GO DOWN THERE BEFORE IT GETS TOO DARK.

HEY, WHY ME?



BECAUSE I'M THE ONE WHO'S ORDERING. ARE YOU AFRAID OF A MERE WOMAN?

OF A WOMAN, NO. NOR OF ANY MAN BUT A DEMON, YES.



EEEEHHHH

THE HORSES!... STAY HERE, I'LL GO AND SEE.



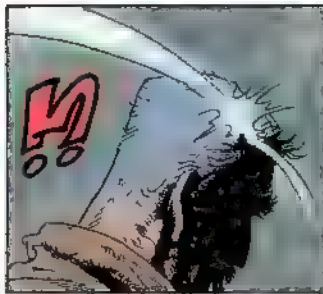
MUST BE THE COMING STORM THAT'S SCARING THEM. UNLESS...



BY ALL THE DEMONS OF NIFLHEL!!



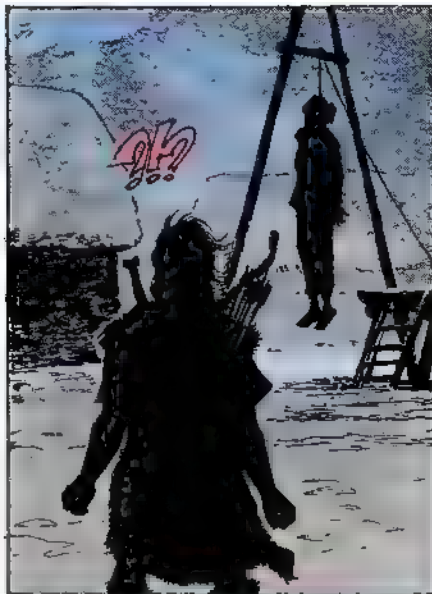








IT ALL SEEMS SO CALM. ALMOST TOO CALM. AND THERE AREN'T EVEN ANY GUARDS. THEY'VE BECOME VERY CONFIDENT. UNLESS...



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY DID THEY HANG POOR OLD EINAR? WOR, OF COURSE! IT MUST BE HIM...



LOOK OUT!

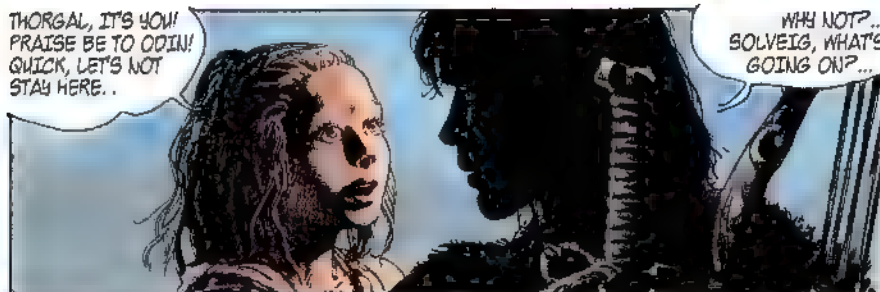






THORVALD, IT'S YOU!  
PRAISE BE TO ODIN!  
QUICK, LET'S NOT  
STAY HERE..

WHY NOT?...  
SOLVEIG, WHAT'S  
GOING ON?...



ORWALD, MY NEW  
HUSBAND, IS ONE  
OF THEM QUICK,  
THORVALD, LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE.



THIS... THIS IS MY OLD  
CABIN! THE ONE WHERE  
GANDALF MADE ME LIVE  
WHEN I WAS A CHILD!...

GO IN, QUICK.  
SOMEONE'S WAITING  
FOR YOU.



THORVALD, AT LAST!  
I WAS GIVING UP HOPE  
OF SEEING YOU  
AGAIN.



HIERULF-THE-THINKER!  
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! BUT  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
IN THIS... HERE?

I'LL EXPLAIN IT  
TO YOU. AND I'LL  
ASK YOU TO FOR-  
GIVE ME FOR THE  
DISCOMFORT OF  
THIS PLACE YOU  
KNOW SO WELL.

\*SEE "HOLMGANGA" IN THE AARICIA EPISODE.



WOR AND HIS MEN, AROUND 20 OF THEM, ARRIVED HERE AT THE END OF LAST AUTUMN. HE CALLED HIMSELF THE CHIEF OF A CLAN FROM THE GREAT SOUTHERN FJORD AND CLAIMED HE WAS APPOINTED BY THE ALTHING TO UNITE THE WHOLE VIKING NATION IN ORDER TO CONQUER RICH BRITANNIA WHERE THE SAXONS AND ANGLES REIGN.

OF COURSE, I SENT EMISSARIES TO THE ALTHING TO CHECK HIS CLAIMS. NOT ONE OF THEM MADE IT TO HIS DESTINATION. SO I UNDERSTOOD THAT WOR-THE-MAGNIFICENT WAS, IN REALITY, JUST THE CHIEF OF A SMALL BAND OF DISSIDENT PILLAGERS, LOOKING FOR LAND TO MOVE TO. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.



WOR KNEW HOW TO SPEAK TO MEN, AND THE NORTHERN VIKINGS HAVEN'T HAD A REAL CHIEF SINCE THE DEATH OF JORUND-THE-BULL\*. HE LED THEM ON A FEW VICTORIOUS EXPEDITIONS AGAINST THE SAXONS, AND THE HAND WAS PLAYED: OUR PEOPLE ADOPTED HIM AS CHIEF AND FUTURE KING.

SEVERAL OF HIS MEN MARRIED OUR WOMEN, SOMETIMES BY FORCE, MOVING INTO OUR BEST HOUSES AND ONTO OUR BEST LAND. WOR COULD THEN LET HIS APPETITE FOR POWER AND CRUELTY RUN WILD.

EITHER BECAUSE THEY ADMIRE HIM OR BECAUSE THEY FEARED HIM, OUR PEOPLE SUBMITTED TO HIS LAW. HE HASN'T DARED TO GET RID OF ME BECAUSE I REPRESENT THE ALTHING'S AUTHORITY, BUT I'VE ENDED UP HERE, AWAY FROM ALL DECISION-MAKING. AND THAT'S HOW A GRAIN OF SAND APPEARED IN WOR-THE-MAGNIFICENT'S PLANS.



YOU, THORGAL.



\*SEE THE FALL OF BREK ZARITH.





I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW COULD I DISTURB WOR'S PLANS, APART FROM THE FACT THAT HE'S A BRUTE AND I DON'T LIKE TO SEE MY FRIENDS HANGED FOR NO REASON?

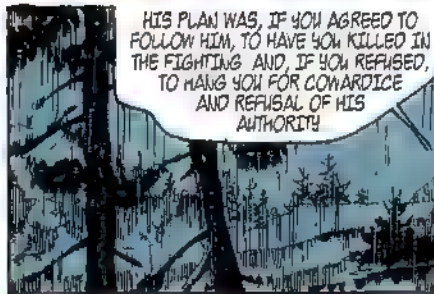
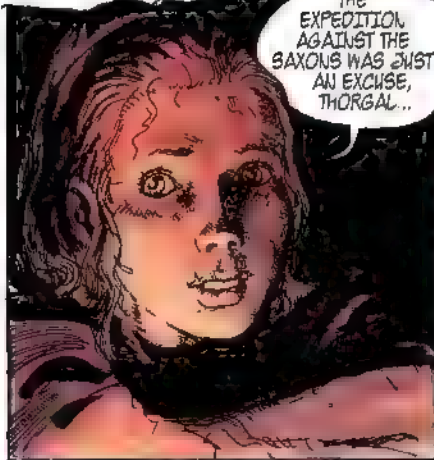
I SHOULD HAVE SAID THREE GRAINS OF SAND: YOU, AARICIA AND YOUR SON.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT GANDALF-THE-MAD TOOK OVER THE PROPERTY OF LEIF HARALDSON, YOUR ADOPTIVE FATHER, WHEN HE DIED\*. THE ONLY HEIRS OF GANDALF'S PROPERTY, OF WHICH LEIF'S PART IS YOURS, ARE YOUR WIFE AND SON.



NOW, ABUSING HIS FUTURE RIGHTS AS KING IN ADVANCE, WOR DIDN'T WASTE A SECOND IN SEIZING ALL OF GANDALF'S FORTUNE--HIS LAND, JEWELS, GOLD, FARMS AND HOUSE, AND HE HAS NO DESIRE TO GIVE THEM UP.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SAXONS WAS JUST AN EXCUSE, THORGAL...



HIS PLAN WAS, IF YOU AGREED TO FOLLOW HIM, TO HAVE YOU KILLED IN THE FIGHTING AND, IF YOU REFUSED, TO HANG YOU FOR CONARDICE AND REFUSAL OF HIS AUTHORITY.

AS HE HAD POOR EINAR HANGED, TO TAKE REVENGE ON HIM FOR THE HUMILIATION YOU PUT HIM THROUGH. HE HAD THE DRAKKARS TURN BACK SO THEY COULD ARREST YOU ON YOUR ARRIVAL.



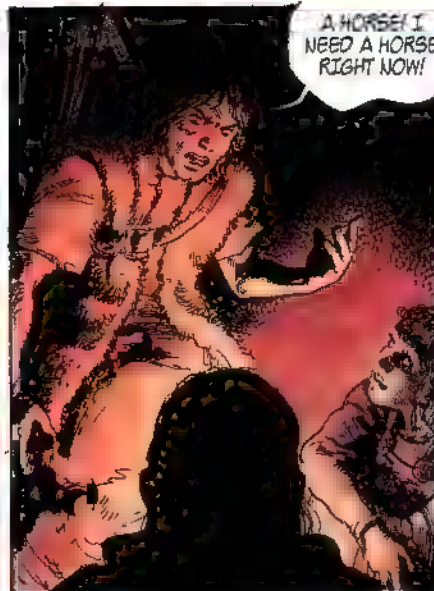
BUT THEN... AARICIA AND SOLAN... WILL HE ALSO TRY TO...?

I'M AFRAID SO. BY TRYING TO PASS OFF THEIR MURDER AS AN ACCIDENT.

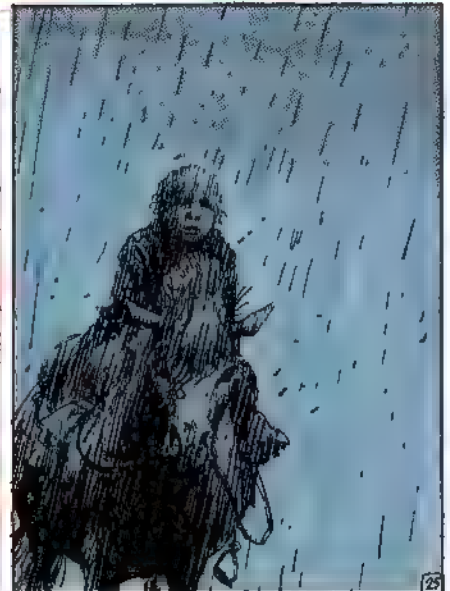


VOIAX, WOR'S HENCHMAN, AND TWO OF HIS MEN DIDN'T GO WITH THE DRAKKARS. THEY LEFT THE VILLAGE THIS MORNING AND AREN'T BACK YET.

AND YOU'RE TELLING ME THIS NOW?!

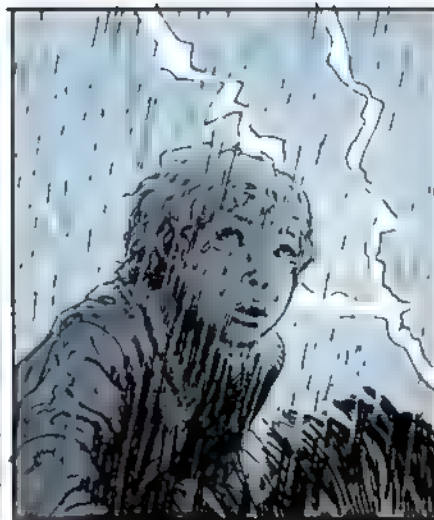


A HORSE! I NEED A HORSE RIGHT NOW!



\*SEE "FIRST SNOW" IN THE AARICIA EPISODE.

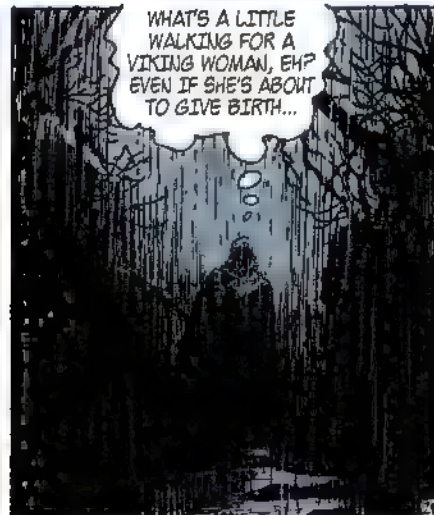
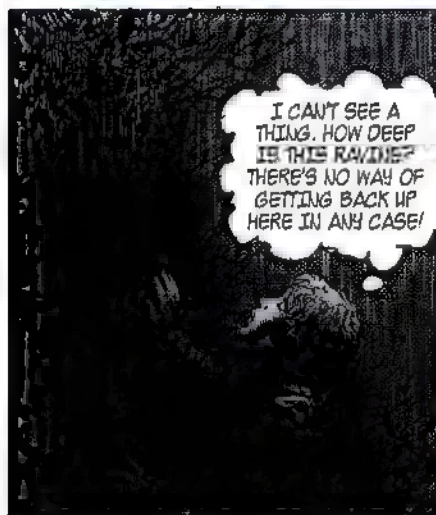
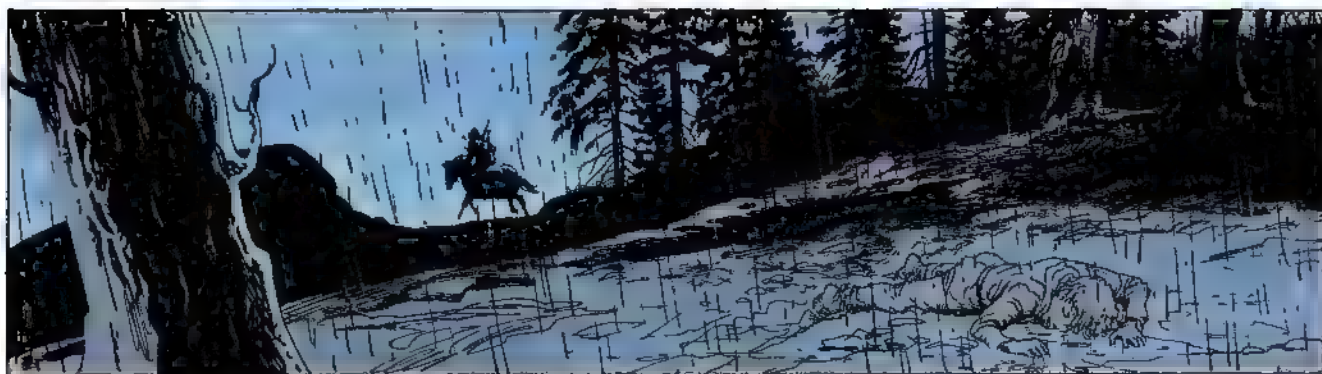
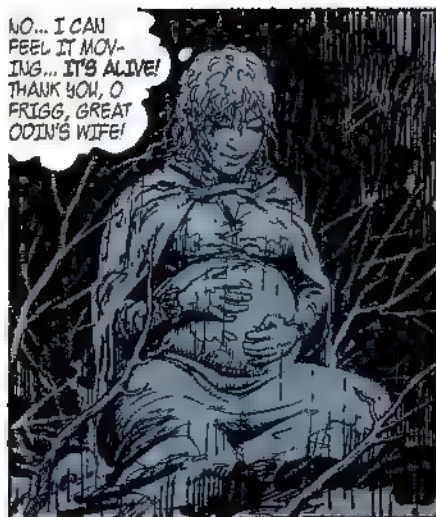




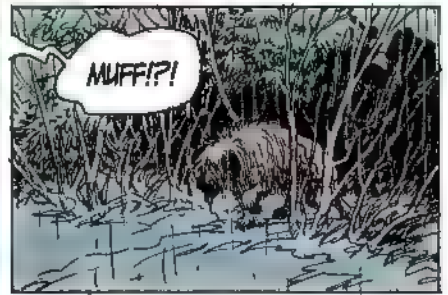
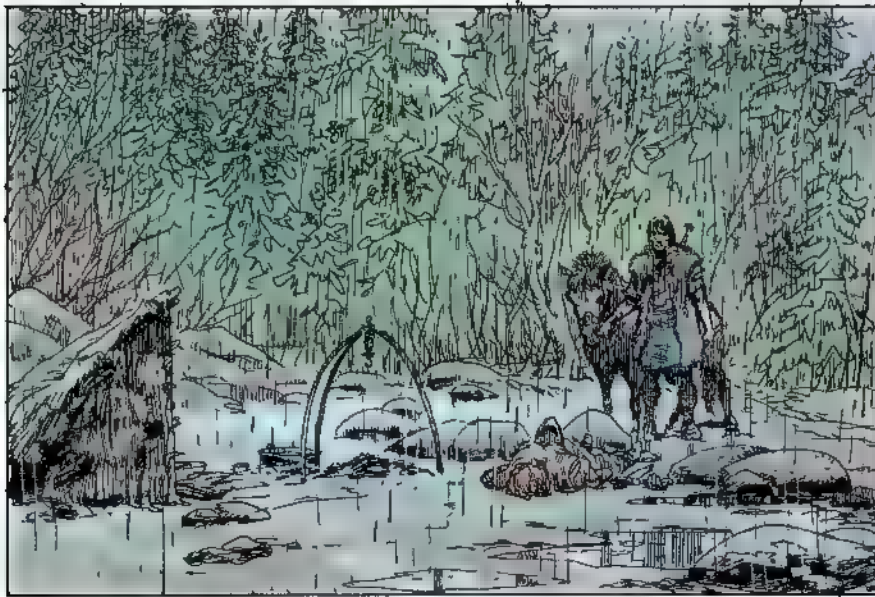








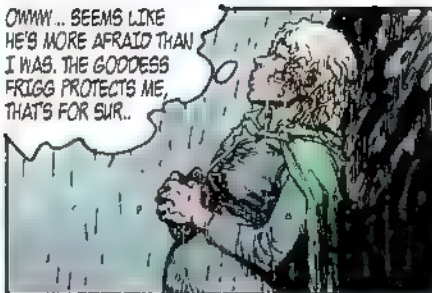




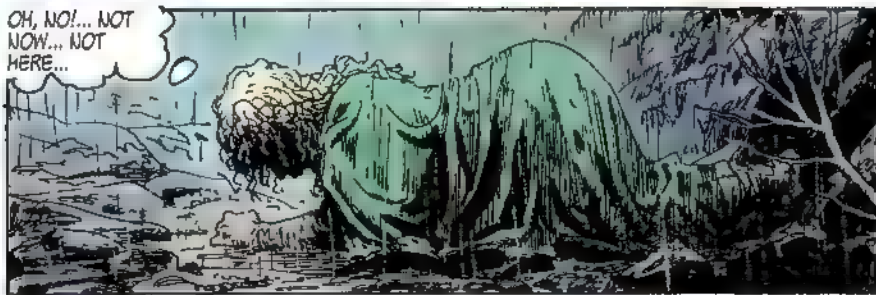




OMMM... SEEMS LIKE HE'S MORE AFRAID THAN I WAS. THE GODDESS FRIGG PROTECTS ME. THAT'S FOR SUR...



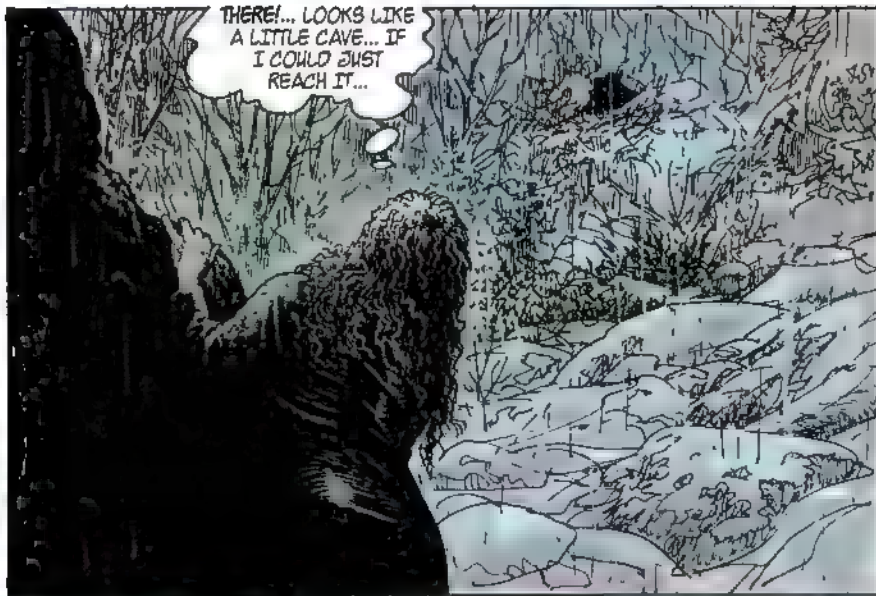
OH, NO!... NOT NOW... NOT HERE...



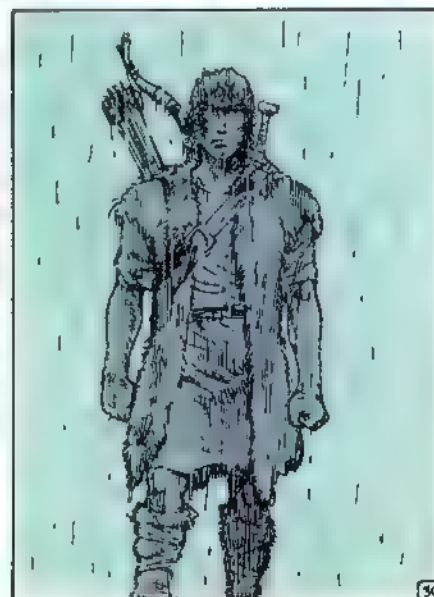
I MUST... FIND A SHELTER... NOW! GET UP, GIRL... YOU HAVE TO... YOU HAVE TO!...



THERE!... LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE CAVE... IF I COULD JUST REACH IT...



THERE HE IS!







HE'S NOT EVEN HIDING.

HE KNOWS THAT HE'S OUT OF OUR ARROWS' RANGE.

MAYBE IT'S A TRAP?



WHAT TRAP? HE'S ALONE AND HE'S OUT OF REACH OF OUR ARROWS. WE'RE OUT OF REACH OF HIS, TOO...



TAKE COVER! NOW!

AAAGH



THAT'S... THAT'S WITCHCRAFT! NO BOW CAN SHOOT AS FAR AS THAT!

HIS CAN!





I SAW HIS WEAPONS FROM A DISTANCE, ON THE DRAKKAR HIS BOW IS DIFFERENT FROM OURS AND HE KNOWS HOW TO USE IT, THAT'S ALL. THERE'S NO WITCH-CRAFT INVOLVED.



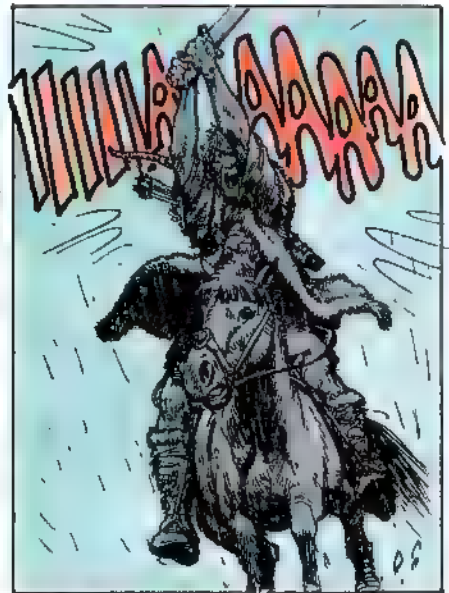
WE'LL GO AROUND THE HILL AND TAKE HIM FROM BEHIND.

WHAT IF WE WAITED FOR WOR AND THE OTHERS TO JOIN US?



WE'RE TWO VIKINGS AGAINST ONE, BIARN. TWO VIKINGS AGAINST A BASTARD. ARE YOU AFRAID TO FACE HIM?

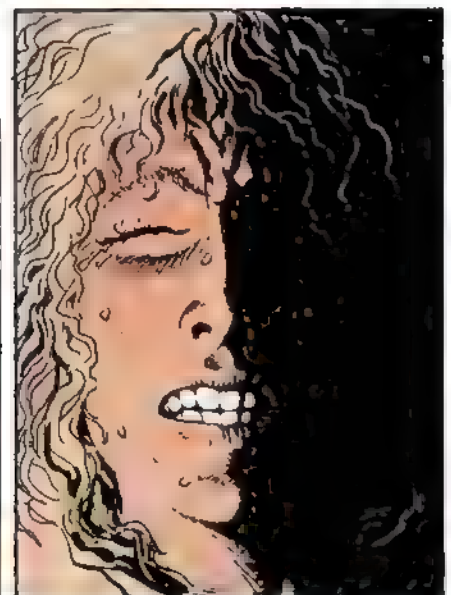
ERM. NO.. NO, OF COURSE NOT...



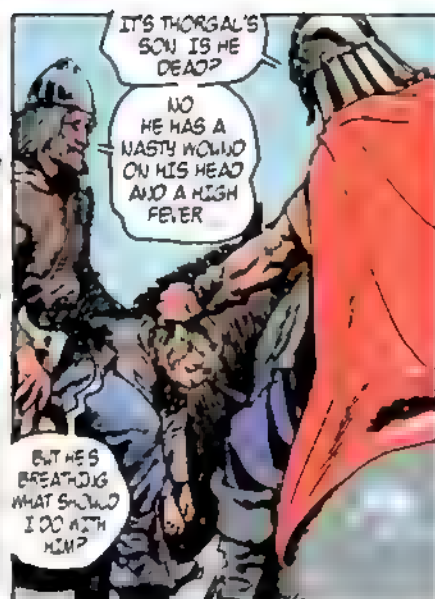
I MADE IT... AT LEAST THE CHILD WILL BE BORN IN THE DRY...



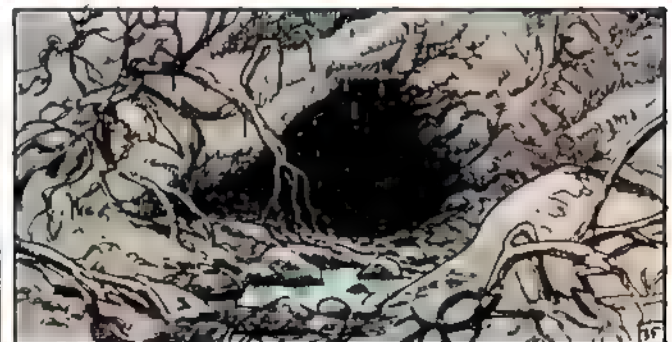
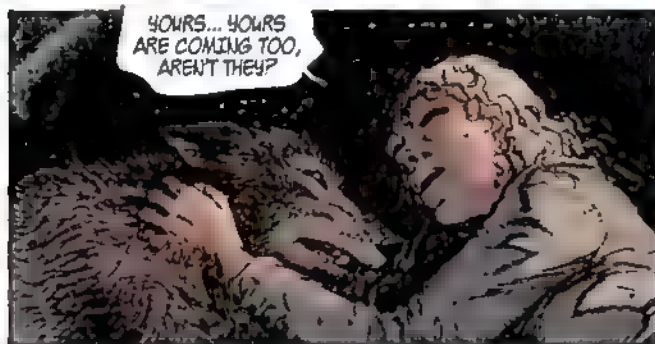
















HE MUST BE FAR AWAY  
ALREADY, BUT WE'LL FIND HIM  
WHEREVER HE'S HIDING. AND  
I'LL SKIN THAT CURSED  
DOG WITH MY OWN H...



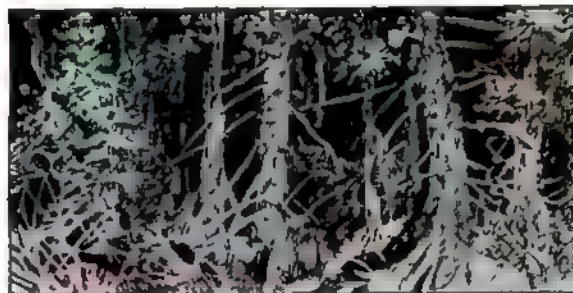




STOP, THORGAL!  
STOP SHOOTING OR I'LL  
KILL THE CHILD!



BUT IF YOU SURRENDER, I  
SWEAR TO YOU THAT I'LL  
SPARE HIS LIFE...



YOU HEAR ME,  
THORGAL?  
SURRENDER!

THREATENING  
A CHILD THAT'S  
CONAROLY  
BEHAVIOUR.

UNFIT FOR  
A VIKING  
AND A  
CHIEF



WOR...



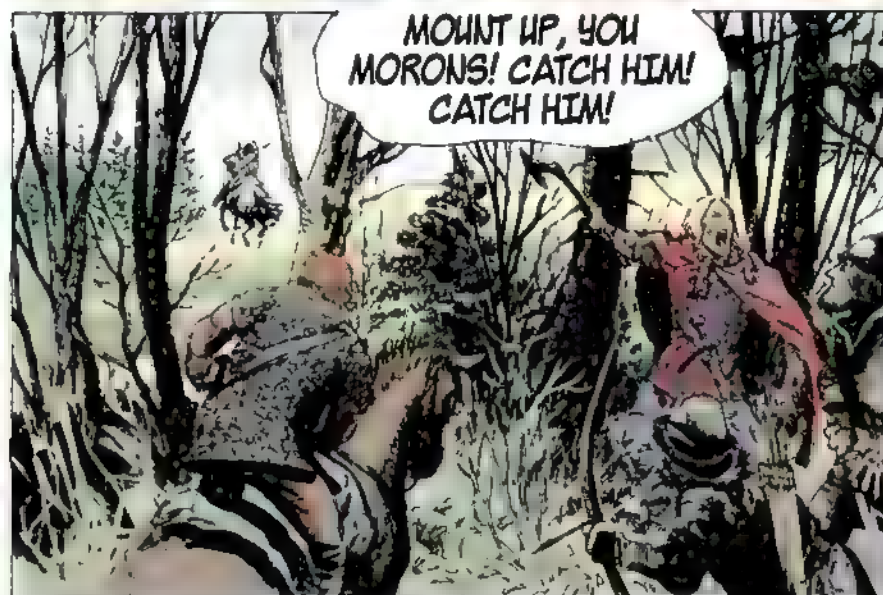
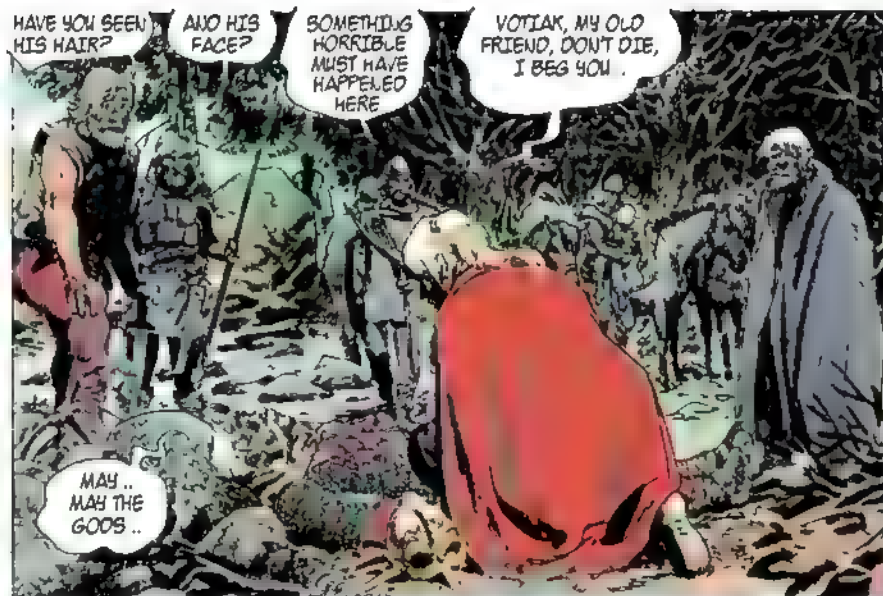
HAHA!  
POOR  
FOOL!



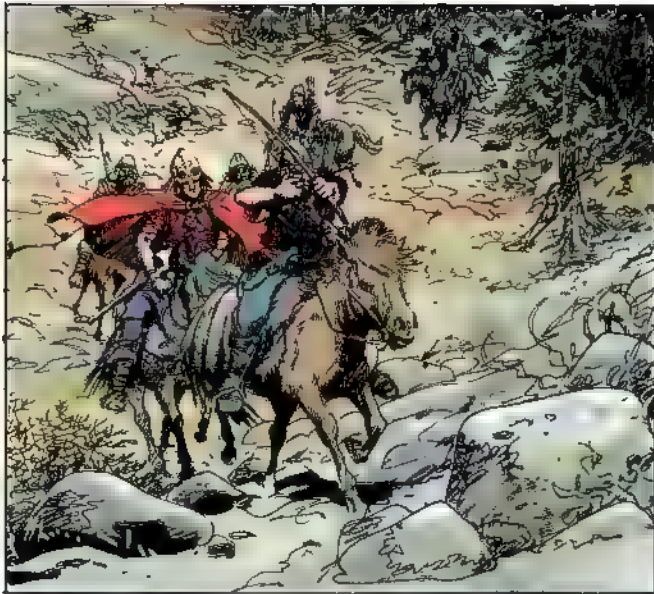
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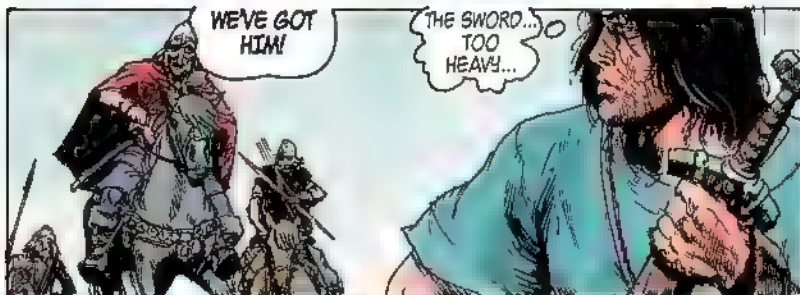




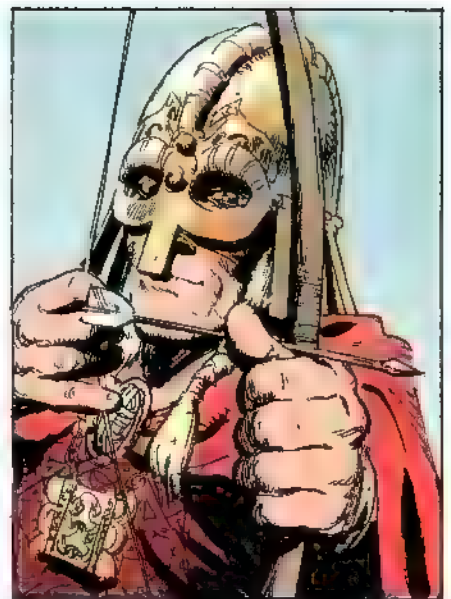
















WELL, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
ALL WAITING  
FOR? JUMP!



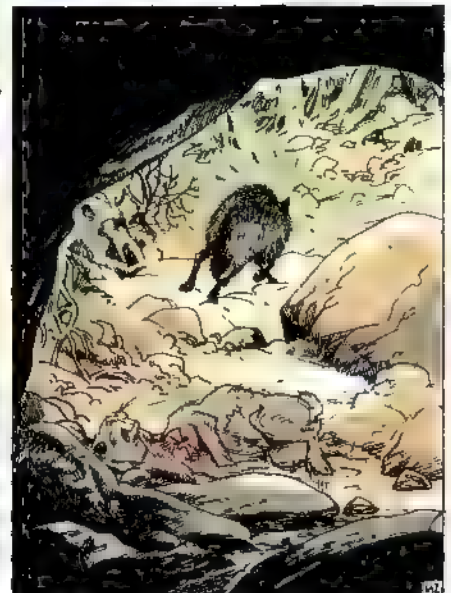
COME BACK!  
I ORDER YOU  
TO COME BACK!  
COME BACK!



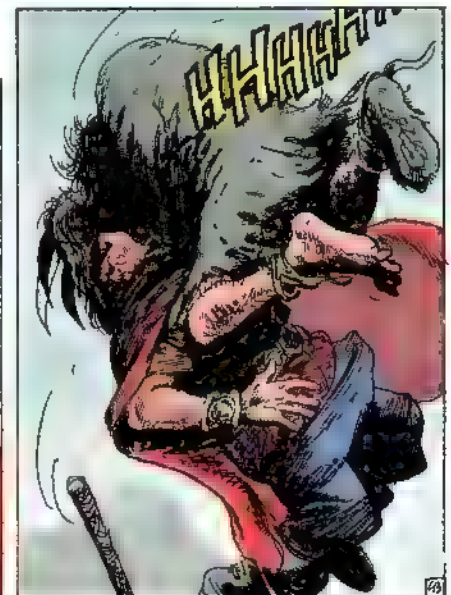
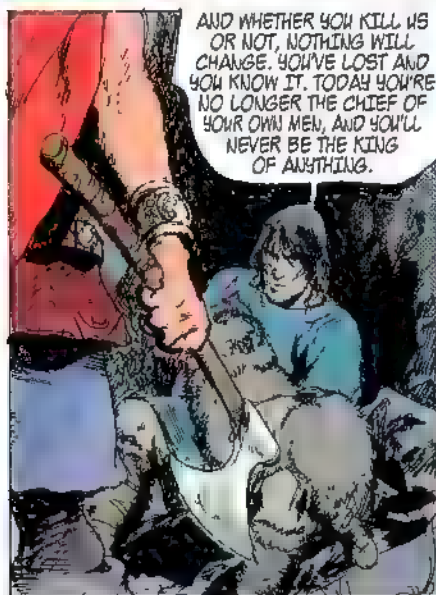
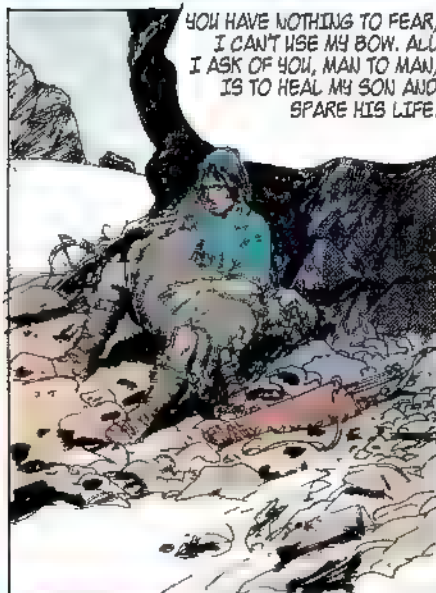
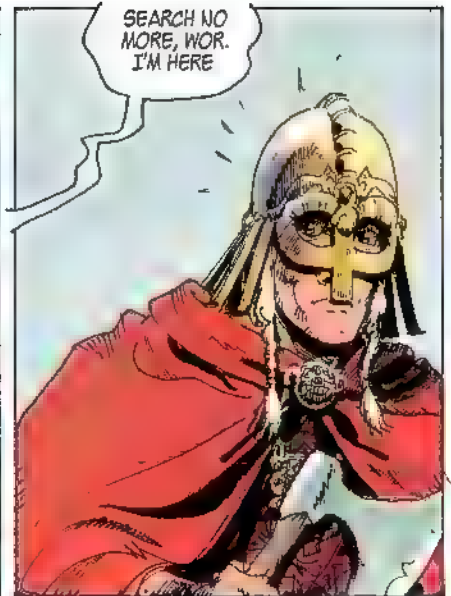
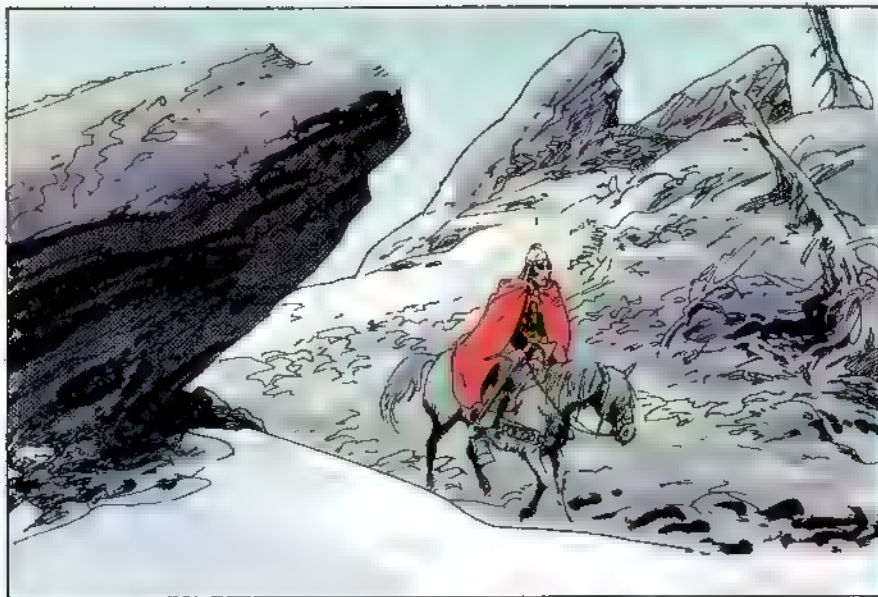
YIP?



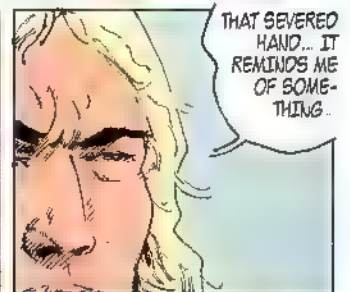
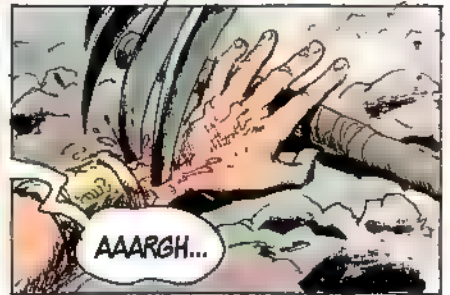
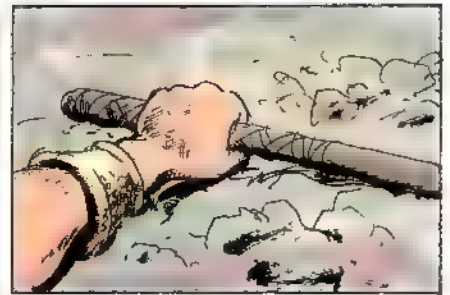
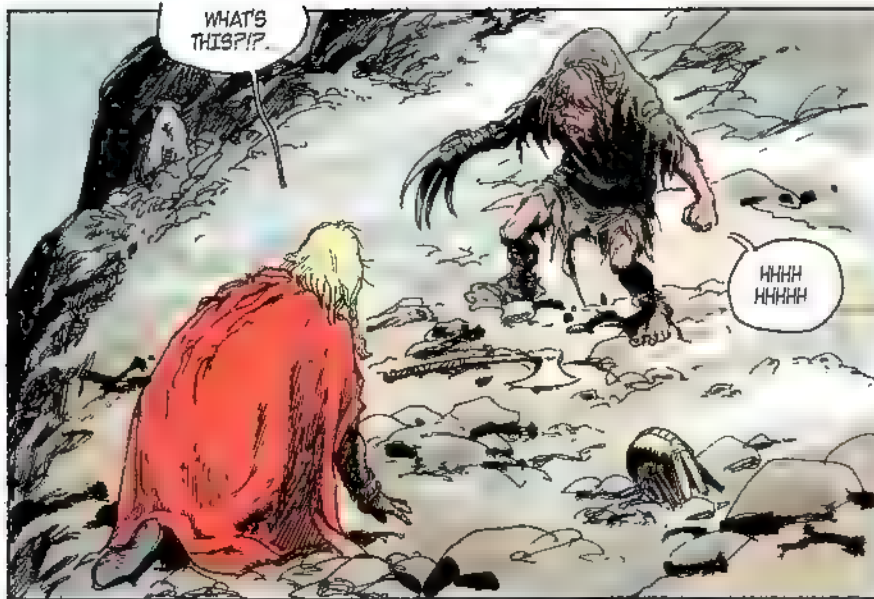
WOULNNNN

















THORGAL...  
MUFF... THEY  
KILLED HIM.

NO, JOLAN, HE'S  
ALIVE. I TREATED HIS  
WOUNDS AND HID HIM  
NEAR THE STREAM. I'LL  
GO GET HIM WHEN YOU  
AND AARCIA ARE  
SAFE.



YOU KNOW, IT'S THANKS TO HIM  
THAT AARCIA AND I MANAGED  
TO ESCAPE THOSE EVIL MEN.  
HE'LL GET BETTER, WON'T HE?

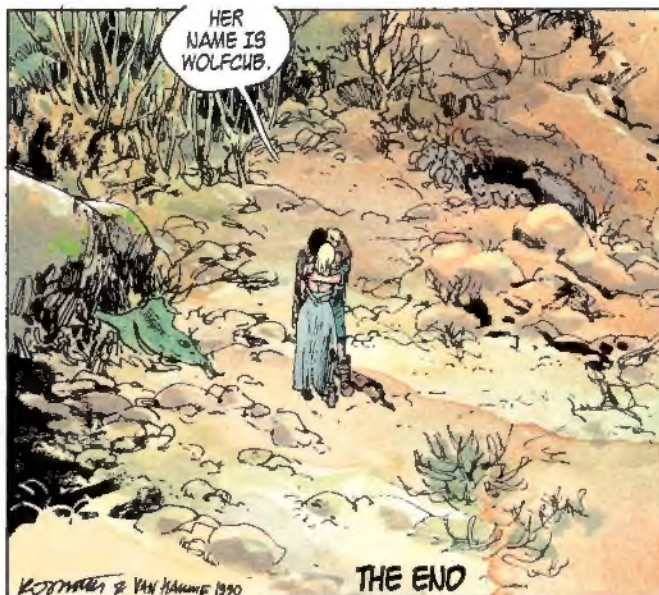
YES, I  
PROMISE  
HE WILL.



HERE'S YOUR  
DAUGHTER,  
THORGAL.



HER  
NAME IS  
WOLFCUB.



KORTMEYER & VAN HANNE 1990

THE END

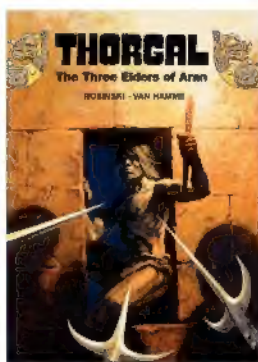


# THOR GAL

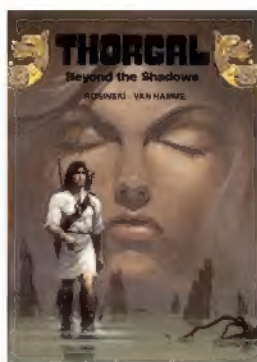
THE GODS HAVE PUT A MAN  
TO THE TEST



❶ Child of the Stars  
*Incl. Aaricia*



❷ The Three Elders of Aran  
*Incl. The Black Galley*



❸ Beyond the Shadows  
*Incl. The Fall of Brek Zarith*



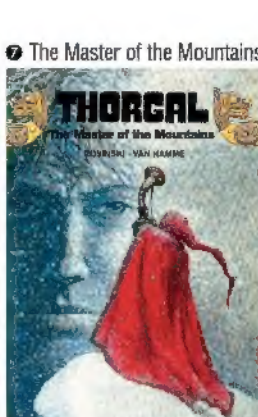
❹ The Archers  
*Incl. Allnoe*



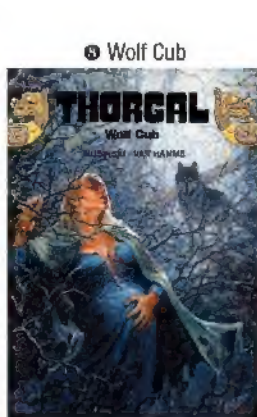
❺ The Land of Ga  
*Incl. The Eyes of Tanatioc*



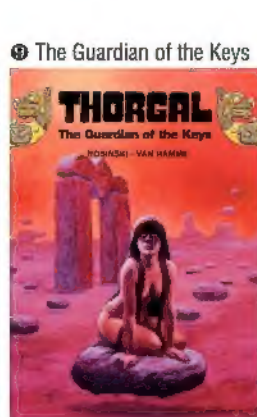
❻ City of the Lost God  
*Incl. Between Earth and Sun*



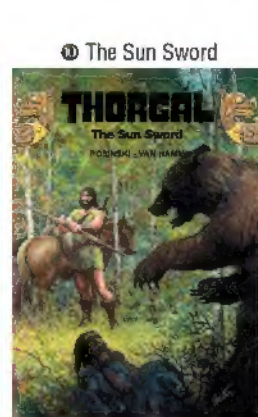
❼ The Master of the Mountains



❽ Wolf Cub



❾ The Guardian of the Keys



❿ The Sun Sword



Grzegorz Rosinski,  
Artist of the series  
ThorGal, Chninkel,  
The Revenge of  
Count Skarbek...



Jean Van Hamme,  
Script writer of the  
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Largo Winch, XIII,  
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